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My Erin O!

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MY ERIN O!

The sultry climes of foreign shores,
May bid luxuriant flowers to blow,
But there is one in Erin's Isle,
That I love far beyond them all,
It's leaves unfold the patriot's heart,
Who honor's course keeps steering O,
It's still the same amidst heat and cold,
It's the Shamrock of my Erin, O.

CHORUS:—

My Erin O—my Erin O,
The emblem of my Erin, O,
The shamrock green—the shamrock green,
Is the emblem of my Erin, O.

The rose may fall to crimson hue,
And every son of Albion chann,
The thistle Caledonia's pride,
May twine around her bosom warm,
Then hail our beauteous plant so dear,
In my loved land appearing O,
It's still the same in heat or cold,
It's the emblem of my Erin O.

Then Erin's sons are bold and brave,
Her daughters fairest of the fair,
Her fame resounds o'er land and wave,
Her soil is rich as jewels rare,—
Her exiles bless their native land,
Her name to them is cheering, O,
Their daily themes and nightly dreams,
Is the shamrock of their Erin O.

On Albion's coast or Scotland's Isle,
There's none so gallant bold or brave,
Than Irishmen in the time of need,
Who die their country's rights to save,
And on the battle field they brave,
Their foes with victory gaining O,
And Ireland's coast to guard likewise,
The Shamrock of my Erin O.

Some Nations boast of emblems dear,
Yet envy Erin's fertile land,
The shamrock blest shall ever bloom,
Still cherished by each Irishman,